

A
Pindaric Ode
UPON OUR LATE
SOVERAIGN LADY
OF
Blessed Memory,
Queen MARY.

By EDWARD ARWAKER, Au-
thor of *The Vision on the Death of King*
Charles.

L O N D O N,
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Pindaric Ode, &c.

I.

SHe's dead, alas! beyond recovery dead!

The Queen is dead in whom we liv'd,
While all our Joys far as her Soul are fled,

And scarce can sooner be retriev'd:

What then remains for Comfort or Relief,

But a free Vent to our just Source of Grief?

Descend, *Britannia*, from thy lofty Seat,

Lay all the Ensigns of thy Grandeur down,

Thy Robes, thy Scepter, and thy Crown;

Shew thy concern, as its occasion, great.

No more the mingled colours of thy Rose

Shall their united Beauty boast,

Since those her fairer Cheeks did once disclose,

Are pale and wither'd, dead and lost.

Call fair *Albania* to partake thy woe,

For, as the Loss, she will the Sorrow share,

Whose Stings more pungent than her Thistles are.

Thy Handmaid, sad *Ierna*, too

A mournful Lamentation must prepare,

Her Golden Lyre must now neglected lie

Like those of *Israel* in exile;

She,

She, tho long vers'd in feign'd complaint,
 And in affected Mourning quaint,
 Thro all the confines of her Isle
 Will raise a louder than her native Cry,
 Will real Sorrow to her Heart admit,
 And grieve in Tears no longer counterfeit.

I I.

Let your loud Out-crys reach the *Belgick* shore;
 Her Lion will with yours in Consort roar,
 And she will weep at the amazing sound,
 Till from the Flood-gates of her Eyes
 Her Land is more in danger to be drown'd,
 Than by the Tides that at her Sluces rise,
 For Grief her dear *Maria* breathless lies,
 For Grief her lov'd *Maria* is no more.
 She sought *Maria*, and obtain'd her young,
 Her Prince renown'd in Council and in Arms,
 Who never any Conqu'ror knew,
 Till he *Maria's* powerful Eyes did view,
 And found their influence too strong;
 Subdu'd by her resistless Charms,
 Courted this Treasure to enrich the Land,
 Whose value with her years increast,
 Did more and more the Peoples Hearts command,
 Who most esteem'd her, as they knew her best;
 She blest them early, and adorn'd them long,
 Till, to her native Soil recall'd,
 By *Christian*, worse than Heathen *Rome* enthrall'd,

She

She here did with transcendent lustre shine,
 Our Rights and our Religion did secure,
 Kept them inviolate, that firm and pure
 Our Practice by Example did refine.

But Death has quencht our *Israel's* Light,
 Has rob'd *Britannia's* Eyes of their Delight,
 Has snatch'd *Albania's* and *Ierna's* Joy,
 And disappointed *Belgia's* longing Sight.
 Since Fate does all your Bliss alike destroy,
 All should in Sorrow, as in Suff'ring joyn,
 And till her Body shall revive,
 Preserve her sacred Memory alive ;
 Then loudly your confederate Voices raise,
 Mourn, mourn *Maria's* Fall, sing, sing, *Maria's* Praise.

III.

While we our sorrow for her loss express
 And with unbounded grief our own bewail,
 Well may we fear to find the passion fail,
 Rather than swell to an excess;
 For if a Deluge of incessant Tears
 And Pyramids of monumental Verse,
 Are but due Off'rings at a worthy Herse;
 To hers the Tribute should be largely paid,
 To hers, in whom all Excellence was found,
 In whom each Grace and Virtue did abound.
 All by which man is good or happy made:

All to be valu'd or desir'd,
 All to be imitated or admir'd,
 All that for which the wisest Monarch pray'd,
 All that which makes the Just, alive ador'd,
 And dead, as universally deplor'd,
 Humble as high, and affable as great,
 She did her Subjects as a Parent treat ;
 To all their circumstances had regard,
 Supply'd the needy, and the good preferr'd,
 The objects of her Pity or her Care.

Did both, as both were wanted, share,
 Those found Relief, and these obtain'd Reward.
 This Practice, these Perfections of her Mind,
 Have made her dear, as she was good, to all ;
 And do oblige, as they affect Mankind,
 To wait close Mourners at her Funeral.

I V.

For, oh! A fatal and a loath'd Disease ;
 Fatal to *England* heretofore,
 And justly hated for its Injuries,
 When it the Royal Blood did seize,
 As soon as Heaven its Current did restore,
 And snatch'd our darling *Glocester* from our eyes.

Did Beauty on its Throne invade,
 Alike to Heav'n, as her, and us unkind,
 Since Heav'n was copy'd in her Face and Mind,
 Its Glory here, its Goodness there display'd.
 Daily the growing Malady prevail'd,

And

And weakning her, increast its strength;
 Till baffled Art fell to dispair at length,
 To see how its Successless measures fail'd,
 And her Physicians by their Sighs and Tears,
 Declar'd the sad Presages of their Fears.

V.

Scarce could the chief Embassador of Heaven,
 To whose reluctant tongue the Charge was giv'n;
 Lay the Constraint on his abhorring Breath
 To vent the sad Preparative for Death;
 But what his faltring words could hardly speak

Was not unwelcom to her Ears,
 She with a smile the fatal Summons hears
 With less concern, than he who brought it shew'd;
 And more unmov'd, than they who list'ning stood;
 All Hearts, but hers, appear'd with Grief to break,
 She in the Sentence no surprize did find,

Nor now was to prepare to dye:
 That mighty work was her great business made,
 How to perform it she did often try,
 And with less fervency for daily Bread,
 Than daily dying to the World, she pray'd.
 Thus she Heav'n's Gift, her Life, to Heav'n resign'd,
 As freely as the Scepter from her Hand,
 Which in our Monarch's Absence well she sway'd;
 Nor more to lose her Life, than Pow'r, repin'd,
 But cheerfully her Prince and God obey'd,
 As ere she did the Realms they call'd her to, command.

V I.

And now the Scene of Death's sad pomp appears,
 The Queen is from her self estrang'd,
 Her strength impair'd, her lovely Visage chang'd,
 In ev'ry part she dying Symptoms bears.
 While the proud Conqueror insults her Face,
 Does Beauty's noblest Cittadel surprize,
 Clouds all the darling Splendor of her Eyes,
 And triumphs over every captiv'd Grace.
Nassau observ'd her yielding to the Foe,
 He saw, and dreaded Natures quick decay,
 And found his Courage baffled now ;
 That Courage that did falling States support,
 And frighten Armies from the Field,
 Can to her succor find no way,
 But unsuccessful in its chief effort
 It self does to the powerful Tyrant yield ;
 Since he can bring *Maria* no relief,
 Since nothing for her safety can be done,
 He grows regardless of his own,
 Abandon'd wholly to Excess of Grief ;
 And to divert the Ravisher
 From his injurious force on her,
 Invites him rather on himself to prey,
 And swooning, hastes to meet him on the way.

VII.

VII.

Wisely the Tyrant to commit his Rape,
 Assum'd this formidable shape,
 He could no other frightful Visage wear,
 In no dismaying Form but this appear,
 To shock undaunted *Nassau's* daring Soul,
 Who oft, unmov'd, had look'd him in the Face;
 Oft! fought him out in ev'ry likely place;
 Among loud Cannon and their roaring Balls,
 In Camps entrench'd, and well mann'd City Walls,
 While Show'rs of breaking Bombs fell round his Head,
 He saw the fierce destructive Lightning roul,
 Amidst the Danger, free from Dread;
 And could Death's Terrors ev'ry where despise
 But in his dear *Maria's* dying Eyes;
 There they a ghastly Vizard wore,
 Such as he never saw before.
 This dismal Object pierc'd his softned Heart,
 The Foe attacking thus his tendrest part,
 Soon made a Conquest o're the whole:
 And now he first knew what it was to fear,
 Nor could have known it for himself, but her.

VIII.

Her he preferr'd to his own precious life,
 For she its greatest Blessing prov'd,
 And had not this attempt of Fate,

Too well convinc'd him of her mortal state,
 Had he not thus been undeceiv'd,
 He by her form and goodness had believ'd
 An Angel, not a Woman, was his Wife.
 So firmly, so intirely still they lov'd,
 That never two became more truly one :
 She had no will, but to her Lord's resign'd,
 His Pleasure sway'd the Empire of her mind ;
 In ev'ry thing, they were so closely joyn'd,
 That Death a nicer task did never know,
 Than how to make the separation,
 To kill the Wife, and not the Husband too.

IX.

Trembling and pale the Monarch near her stood,
 And as on her, Death laid his Icy Hand,
 He felt its frosty chillness seize his Blood,
 Nor longer could, when she was falling, stand ;
 Faintly he call'd to be remov'd,
 He could not go, and durst not stay
 To see her dying Pangs, whom he so dearly lov'd
 To see *Maria* forc'd away.
 Scarce was he carried from the wounding fight,
 When as if griev'd with him to part,
 And that alone remain'd to break her Heart,
 As if displeas'd to see the light :
 She did her weary Ey-elids close,
 And in Deaths cold Embraces fell asleep ;
 But alas ! disturb'd the World's repose,

And

And left it cause for future Years to weep ;
 While our lamenting Sovereign's sole Relief,
 Is in the num'rous Partners of his Grief.

X.

Such Comforts, if there Comfort can be found,
 Do in his own and foreign Realms abound :
 All Lands wherein the doleful news is known,
 Will the vast loss with equal grief bemoan ;
 All but the *Gallick Askelon*.

O never may the Rumour thither come !
 May ev'ry Tongue, that in those streets would spread
 The Fatal Tydings, that *Maria's* dead,
 For its reward be struck for ever dumb,
 Lest the insulting Daughters of our Foe,
 Pride in our Grief, and triumph in our Woe.

X I.

Yet vainly they shall at our Loss rejoice,
 For still Victorious *Nassaw* lives,
 Dispels our Fears, our Courages revives.
 The faithful Senate crowding round his Throne,
 Do recognize him with a general Voice,
 In dutiful Addresses bows,
 Fidelity and just Obedience vows ;
 Nor do they promise him their aid in vain,
 Since they, in his, do their own Rights maintain,
 Such are the Blessings of his happy Reign.

Supported thus, he shall our Arms advance
 To scourge the haughty Insolence of *France*,
 Shall her faint Hopes and fading Lillies blast,
 And make her dearly pay for her Injustice past.

To *France* then let us all our thoughts transfer,

And for ador'd *Maria* grieve no more,

That happy Princess is above our Care,

And we her change injuriously deplore ;

Since for a Mortal Diadem laid down,

She shines in an immortal Crown,

Intitled to it by her second Birth,

And reigns a Queen in Heav'n, who liv'd a Saint on Earth: O

F I N I S.

Price Four Pence.